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BLADE RUNNER™

THE OFFICIAL
COMICS ILLUSTRATED
VERSION OF THE
MOTION PICTURE HIT!

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TITLE

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MARVEL® ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

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STAN LEE presents
THE MARVEL COMICS ILLUSTRATED
VERSION OF

BLADE RUNNER™



MARVEL® ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

**Production Supervised by
SOL BRODSKY**

**Edited by
JIM SALICRUP**

**Art Director
JOHN ROMITA**

**Art
AL WILLIAMSON
CARLOS GARZON
DAN GREEN
RALPH REESE**

**Script
ARCHIE GOODWIN**

**Cover Art
JIM STERANKO**

**Art Production
MARIE SEVERIN
PATY**

**Cover and Interior
Production
KEN FEDUNIEWICZ
CARL WIRSHBA
CHESTER STUDIOS**

**Stan Lee Presents
The Marvel Comics Illustrated Version
of Blade Runner**

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**Published by the Marvel Comics Group,
a division of Cadence Industries Corporation,
387 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016**

First edition June 1982

Printed in the U.S.A.

ISBN 0-939766-10-8

android

(an'droid) *adj.* Possessing human features. -*n.* A synthetic man created from biological materials. Also called humanoid. [Late Greek *androeides*, manlike; ANDR(O)- + -OID.]

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE
DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE (1976)

android

(an'droid) *n.*, Gk. Humanoid automaton. More at ROBOT. /
1. Early version utilized for work too boring, dangerous or unpleasant for humans. 2. Second generation bio-engineered. Electronic relay units and positronic brains. Used in space to explore inhospitable environments. 3. Third generation synthogenetic. See REPLICANT.

REPLICANT

(rep'li-cant) *n.* Humanoid automaton constructed of skin/flesh culture. Selected enogenic transfer conversion. Capable of self-perpetuating thought. Paraphysical abilities. Developed for emigration program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY
New International (2012)

THE CITY IS VAST. ITS LEVELS DEEP. ITS TOWERS ARE TALL; MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.





THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUMID. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED. HIS INTERROGATORY COOLLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.







THE BIG MAN MOVES
TOWARD THE DOOR.
THEN STOPS, AND
WITH A LITTLE SMILE
OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND
FIRES AGAIN.



LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND
HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL
MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME
VOIGHT-KAMPEFF...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT
ON STEADILY BLINKING. BLINKING. BLINKING.

That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

**SUPERVISORY
PERSONNEL! FAMILY
MAKERS! WE NEED YOU!
THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA
COLONY NEEDS
YOU!**

**GIVE YOURSELF
A BRAND NEW WORLD!
IF YOU MEET
HEALTH AND EXPERIENCE
QUALIFICATIONS FOR
OFFWORLD
EMIGRATION...WE
NEED YOU!**



Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a **CHOICE**. Sometimes you don't have any at all.





TELL HIM I'M EATING.
TELL HIM HE'S GOT
THE *WRONG GUY*.



*WRONG GUY, MY
FANNY! THERE'S
ONLY ONE
BOOGEYMAN!*

YOU WERE A *BLADE RUNNER*
IN FOUR SECTOR! AFTER
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE
STEEL SHOP THEY CALLED
YOU *MISTER NIGHTTIME*.

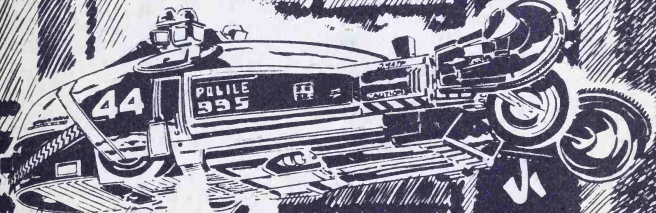


CAPTAIN *BRYANT*
ORDERED ME TO
BRING YOU IN EVEN
IF I HAVE TO SERVE
YOU LIKE *SUSHI*!

HE SAY **BLADE RUNNER**. HE SAY **MISTAH NIGHTTIME**. HE SAY BIG BOSS **BRYANT** SAY "BREAK YOUR BRAIN... MAKE YOU RAW FISH!"

YEAH. I THINK I GOT THAT PART. **BRYANT**, HUH?

Like I said, sometimes you don't have **ANY** choice at all.

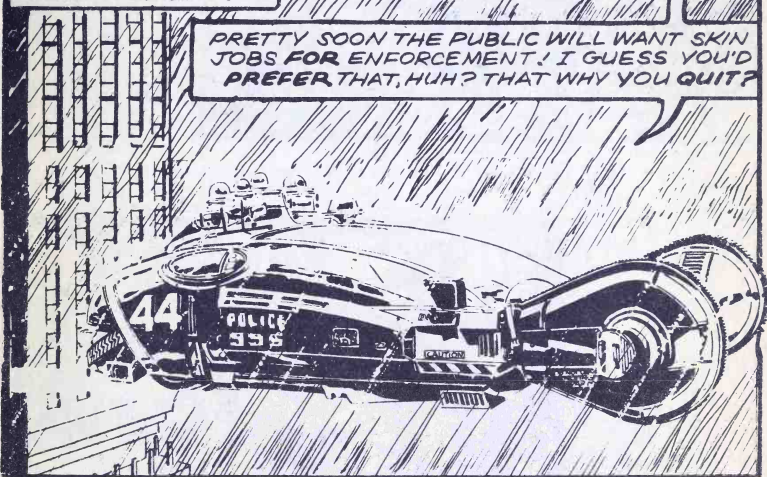


I TOLD BRYANT I COULD DO THIS MYSELF. JUST MOVE ME UP... I'LL DO THE JOB. **FOUR PHONIES!** I'D JUST AIR 'EM OUT... POW! POW! POW!



THE SKIN JOBS LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S THE POINT OF WIPING 'EM OUT IF **THEY** LOOK BETTER THAN ENFORCEMENT?

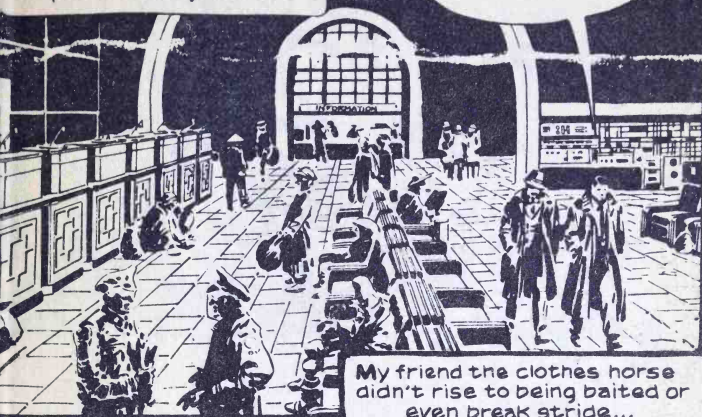
PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT SKIN JOBS **FOR** ENFORCEMENT! I GUESS YOU'D PREFER THAT, HUH? THAT WHY YOU QUIT?





I just shrug and keep eating my noodles and fish, watching the city flash by below. Somebody would start speaking my language soon enough... at police headquarters.

NO NEED TO PUT YOURSELF OUT. I THINK I **KNOW** MY WAY FROM HERE.



My friend the clothes horse didn't rise to being baited or even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T **GLARE**, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST **ASKED**... SO I SENT **GAFF** FOR YOU.

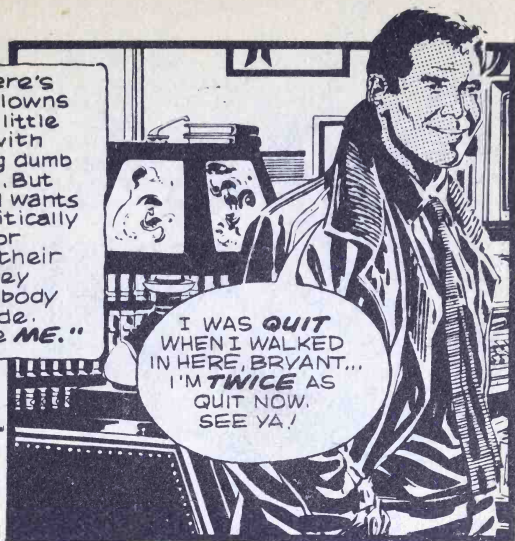
GOTTA BUNCH OF **SKIN JOBS** WALKIN' THE STREETS...HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE, KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.



CAPT. H. BRYANT



"Officially there's two kinds of clowns in this circus: little smart guys with computers; big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME.**"



I WAS **QUIT**
WHEN I WALKED
IN HERE, BRYANT...
I'M **TWICE** AS
QUIT NOW.
SEE YA!

SIT **DOWN**, DECKARD! LITTLE PEOPLE
DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT
A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU
KNOW THE SCORE!





"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

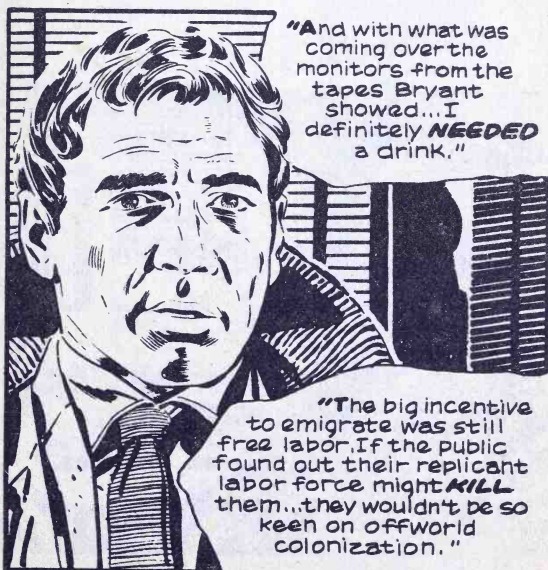
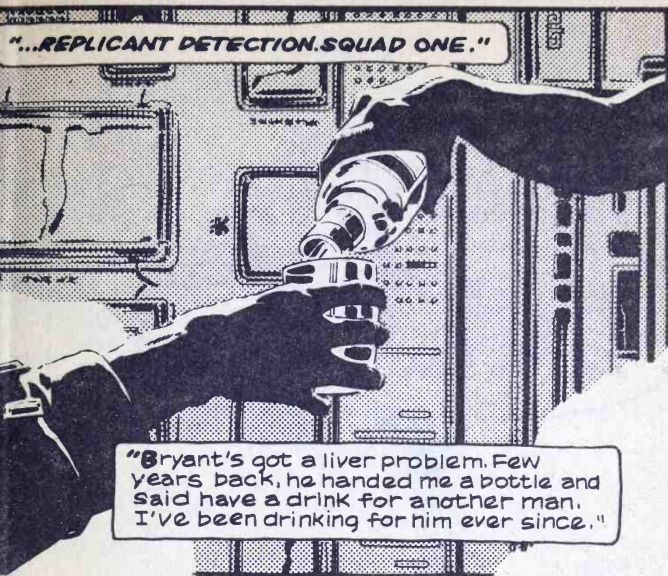
"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."



"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."

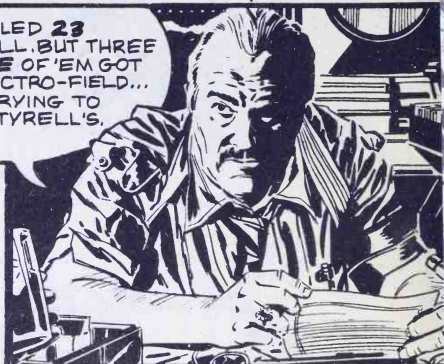


"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **ARRESTED** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."



"Replicant androids **I-X-4-P-D**; referred to as the **NEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

... KILLED **23**
PEOPLE IN ALL. BUT THREE
NIGHTS AGO, **ONE** OF 'EM GOT
FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD...
THEY WERE TRYING TO
BREAK INTO TYRELL'S.



LOST 'EM! GOIN' ON THE
POSSIBILITY THAT THEY
MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE**
THE CORPORATION AS NEW
EMPLOYEES...WE SENT
HOLDEN TO RUN VOIGHT-
KAMPFF TESTS ON
NEW WORKERS.



LOOKS LIKE WE
WERE **RIGHT** OF
COURSE, THAT'S
JUST THE
GOOD
NEWS...



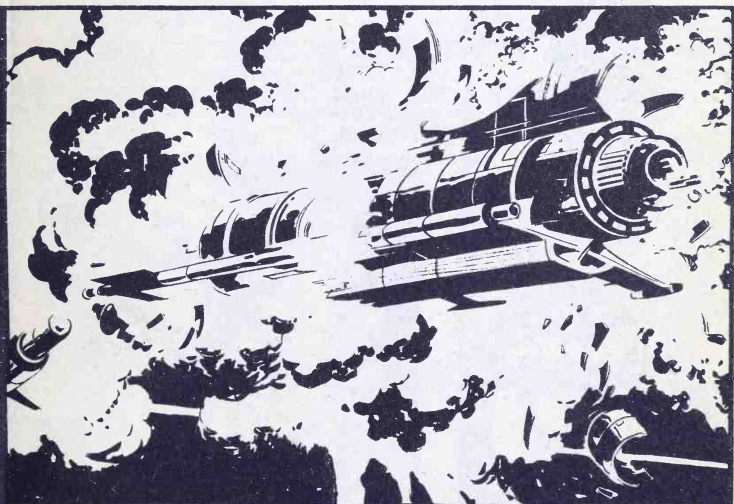
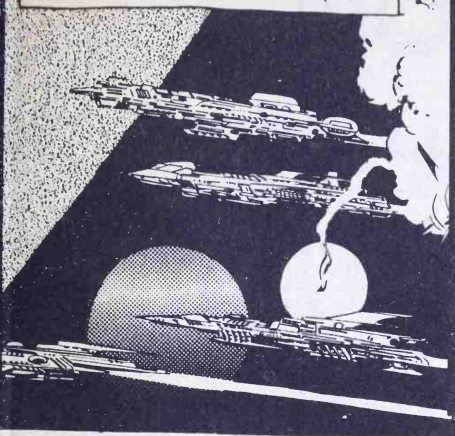
"When four skin jobs-- possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampff, judging from what happened to Holden-- still running around loose are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."



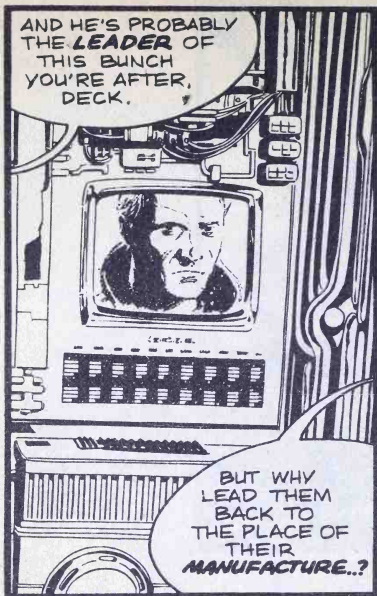
"The bad news was **ROY BATTY**. A work of art. Combat model. Crowning achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. He'd flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhauser Gate and been with the squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."



"He could handle 1200 degrees farenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentine Moons. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

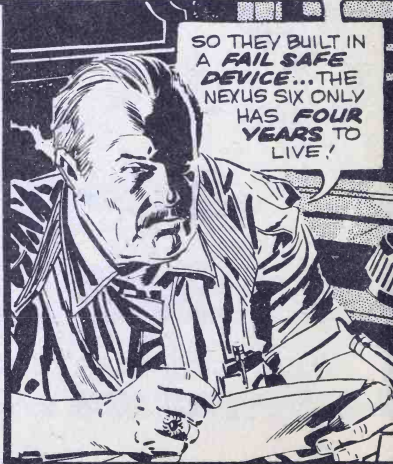


MAYBE TO FIND OUT **WHEN** THEY WERE MADE.

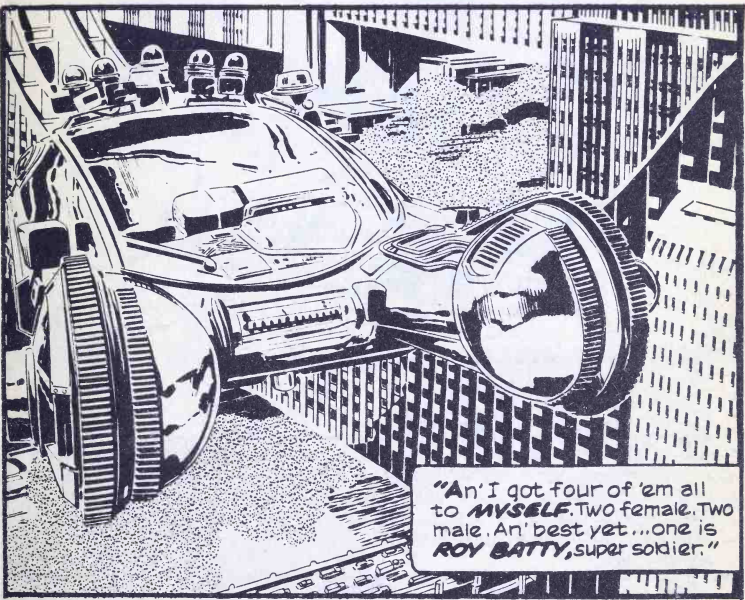


THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE, THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN **EMOTIONAL RESPONSE**. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A **FAIL SAFE DEVICE**...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE!



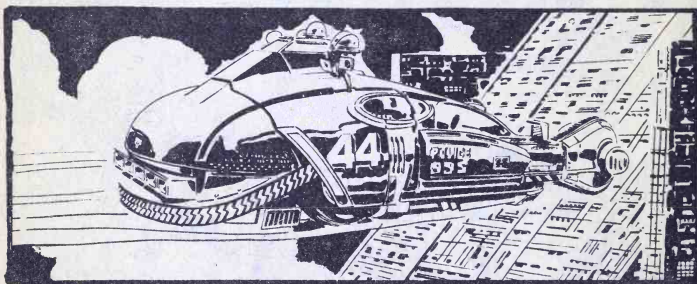
"The **NEXUS THREE** had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I **QUIT** because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the Nexus **SIX**."



"An' I got four of 'em all to **MYSELF**. Two female. Two male. An' best yet ... one is **ROY BATTY**, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and **TYRELL** was top of the line."



"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have **EQUAL RIGHTS** and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from **PEOPLE**. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how **CLOSE** they came..."

"...they were still **OBJECTS**.
I was inclined to disagree...
otherwise I wouldn't have
quit."

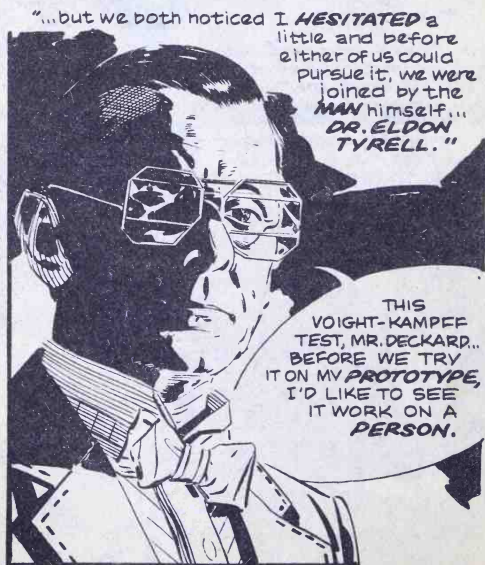
LIKE
OUR
OWL?



"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than
a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then...
EVERYTHING about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."

WE GATHER YOUR DEPARTMENT
DOESN'T BELIEVE OUR **NEW**
UNIT IS TO THE PUBLIC
BENEFIT.







"We darkened the place I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."

"And I'm supposed to be the *BEST*
at askin' the right questions to
trigger the
right responses..."



"Only I had no instinct on
her...no magic. I couldn't
believe what I was
reading."



"This lady, Rachel, gave
me cold chills."



"And after more than a
HUNDRED questions..."

"...I wanted to talk with Tyrell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR.
DECKARD...THOUGH IT
TOOK FAR MORE
QUESTIONS THAN
NORMAL TO LEARN
THE **TRUTH**, DIDN'T
IT?

SHE
REALLY
DOESN'T
KNOW
WHO SHE
IS...?





SHE ONLY
SUSPECTS *NOW*,
I THINK. YOU SEE,
THERE'S THIS STRANGE
OBSESSION WE'VE
RECOGNIZED IN THEM...
THEY *WANT* MEMORIES.



AFTER ALL, THEY'RE *EMOTIONALLY*
INEXPERIENCED... HAVING ONLY A
FEW YEARS TO STORE UP WHAT WE
SPEND OUR *LIVES* ACQUIRING.

GIFTING THEM WITH
A PAST CREATES A
CUSHION FOR
THEIR EMOTIONS...

AND WE CAN
CONTROL THEM
BETTER.

IT'S THE DARK CORNERS, THE LITTLE SHADOWY PLACES THAT MAKE US *INTERESTING*, DECKARD. GUSTY EMOTIONS ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT... THE SCENT OF A WOMAN'S HAIR... THE SWEET GUILT AFTER --

ALL
RIGHT,
TYRELL!



WHERE DO YOU
GET THEM,
THESE
MEMORIES...?

IN RACHEL'S CASE,
I SIMPLY COPIED
AND REGENERATED
CELLS FROM THE
BRAIN OF MY
SIXTEEN
YEAR OLD
NIECE.





"From that lofty corporate tower,
I went **DOWN**...to a section of town
where **SEEDY** is probably a compliment.
According to Tyrell personnel records,
LEON lived in a hotel there..."



"...At least he had until he aired
my predecessor, **HOLDEN**."

"Bryant had **GAFF** join me. Guess
he expected trouble. Or
maybe the department's new
boy wonder just needed a
quiet spot to practice his
foil sculptures. At any rate..."



"...what we found was an
empty room. Obviously
neither **Leon** nor his friends
had been back..."

"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe..."



"a pretty ordinary batch of **SNAPSHOTS** stuck in one pocket..."



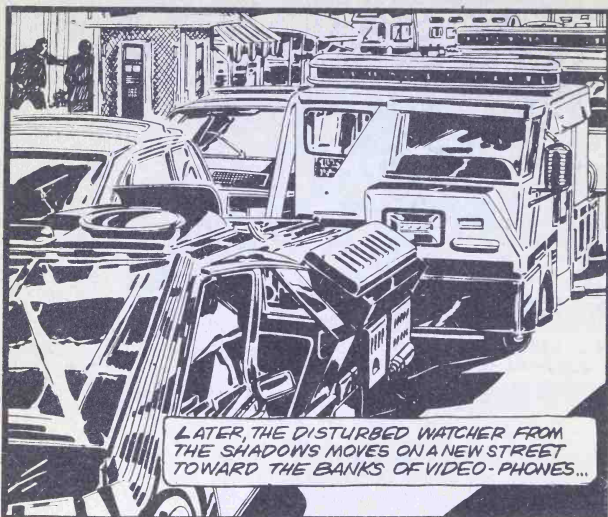
"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after tucking 'em in my wallet, I got a feeling..."



"...the ol' **MAGIC** as Bryant calls it.
It brought me to the window.

"There wasn't much to see below.
Damp streets. Reflected lights. And
shadowed doorways that might hide
anything."





LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM
THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET
TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO-PHONES...



...AND ANOTHER WHO
WAITS FOR HIM.

DID YOU
GET YOUR
PRECIOUS
PHOTOS?

SOMEBODY
WAS
THERE.



OF COURSE, THE POLICE
FORGET THOSE PICTURES,
LEON. WE'RE GOING TO
FIND A MORE
PRACTICAL ASPECT
OF OUR PAST.

SUB-ZERO COLD FILLS THE LABORATORY OF
HANNIBAL CHEW. IT IS A LABOR CONDITION
THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL HAS ACCEPTED OVER
THE YEARS AND EVEN COME TO APPRECIATE. HE
IS SELDOM DISTURBED BY VISITORS, BIDDEN...





WE HAVE *QUESTIONS*,
MR. CHEW, AND NOT A
GREAT DEAL OF TIME.
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THE DESIGN OF THE
NEXUS SIX.



...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

YOU REPLICANT!
ILLEGAL, NOT BELONG
HERE, YOU BELONG
OTHER WORLDS...
UP THERE!



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL... AND AS
THEY FELL DEEP THUNDER ROLLED
AROUND THEIR SHORES;
INDIGNANT... BURNING WITH
THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

HANNIBAL CHEW TRIES TO TURN A FUTILE
GESTURE AGAINST THE SPEED OF THE
BIG MAN'S HANDS.



...AS THEY STRIP
AWAY HIS LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM!

QUESTIONS. THE NEXUS
SIX... LONGEVITY. MORPH-
OLOGY. USE LIFE. INCEPT
DATES.

PLEASE!
THE C-COLD...!

DON'T
KNOW THAT
STUFF. JUST
EYES... JUST
NEXUS
EYES.



AH, CHEW.
IF ONLY YOU
COULD SEE
THE THINGS
I'VE SEEN WITH
YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!





GIMME
COAT...PLEASE...!
ONLY BIG GENIUS...
TYRELL...KNOWS
ANSWERS.
C-COAT...
P-PLEASE!



NOT AN
EASY MAN TO
VISIT, TYRELL.
SECURITY
AND ALL
THAT.

S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE
YOU... J.F. SEBASTIAN...!
P-PLEASE...

ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE
QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.



I...I'M
SORRY.



"Sorry! She didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still...I didn't stop her from following me inside."



YOU THINK I'M A **REPLICANT**, DON'T YOU? BUT I WANT YOU TO **LOOK**...I'VE BROUGHT A **PHOTO** OF ME AND MY PARENTS, AND I REMEMBER--

EXPLORING AN EMPTY BUILDING WITH YOUR BROTHER WHEN YOU WERE SIX... THE **SPIDER WEB** ON THE **BUSH** OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW...

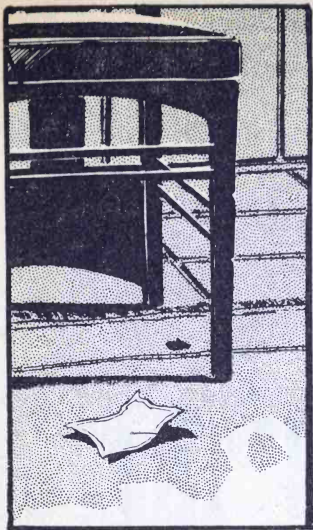


Y-YES...BUT
HOW CAN
YOU--?

IMPLANTS,
RACHEL.
TYRELL'S VERY
PROUD OF THEM.
RAN SOME ON
A SCANNER
FOR ME.

N-NO...
I DONT...
BELIEVE...

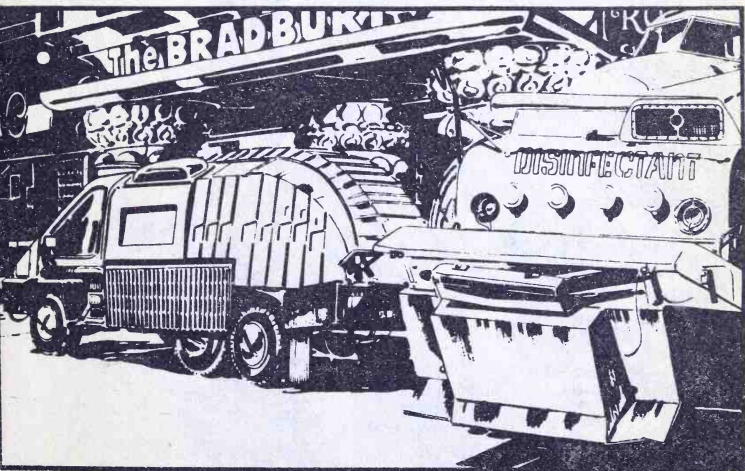
RIGHT.
I MADE IT ALL UP.
YOU'RE NOT A
REPLICANT... IT
WAS JUST A NASTY
JOKE. FORGET
IT. HAVE A
DRINK.



"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

"...except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED. YET, AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT. AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME.





SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE...? YOU LOOK HUNGRY...I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I...I WAS *HOPING* YOU'D SAY THAT.



DEALING WITH PEOPLE IS DIFFICULT FOR J.F. SEBASTIAN. BUT THIS GIRL-- PRIS SHE CALLS HERSELF-- HOMELESS, SEEMINGLY SHYER THAN HE IS. SOMEHOW MAKES IT EASY, NATURAL.

YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?





*AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR
CARRIES THEM UPWARD. AND
OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.*





HE FEELS HER STUDYING HIM IN THE LIGHT...AND KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S GOING TO SAY.

Y-YOU'RE
NOT AS OLD
AS...YOU
LOOK.
WHAT...?

METHUSELAH SYNDROME.

I'M *TWENTY*, PRIS, MY GLANDS...THEY AGE TOO FAST.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL *HERE*...I COULDN'T PASS THE
EMIGRATION TEST.

J.F.... I LIKE
YOU JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE.

"Machines can be helpful some-
times. They can also be a **BIG**
PAIN. Take my **ESPER**...I'd spent
the evening letting it three-
dimensionally enhance and
examine the set of snapshots
I took from Leon's hotel room.
So far all it revealed was that
that room's wardrobe had once
had a **SEQUINED DRESS** hanging
in it... And that neither Leon
nor Roy Batty was the type to
WEAR one. **REAL** helpful.



"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like
Tyrell said, they **NEED** memories. I couldn't figure any of it.
But maybe my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff. Maybe it was on **ANOTHER**
photo...the one **RACHEL** left earlier. On that and the fact that
when I uncrumpled it, her **PHONE NUMBER** was on the back.
Interesting. But nothing that would help detection and
retirement...So I decided I was hungry.

"And along with my usual order at the noodle-bar...I got some *LUCK*."



**FISH
HEADS!**

HEY!
HANDS
AWAY FROM
MY
DINNER!

"It wasn't the
HEADS that
interested
me, but what
was **ON** them."



SCALES...
**FISH
SCALES!**

WHAT DID
YOU **EXPECT**
FROM FISH
HEADS, DIM
BULB... **ELEPHANT
LINT?!**

"Maybe Leon's photos were a deadend, but it looked like I **HAD** those unidentified flecks from the floor of his hotel room. Since, outside of Eldon Tyrell very few people can afford the **REAL** thing... My next stop was **ANIMAL ROW.**"

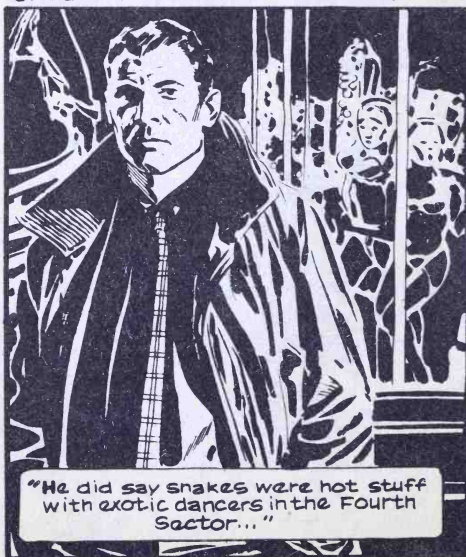
WELL...?
THE SCOPE
TELL YOU
ANYTHING
ABOUT
'EM?

YE-ES! GENUINE
ARTIFICIAL MANUFACTURE.
FINEST QUALITY.
EFFECT WORKMANSHIP.
ONLY...

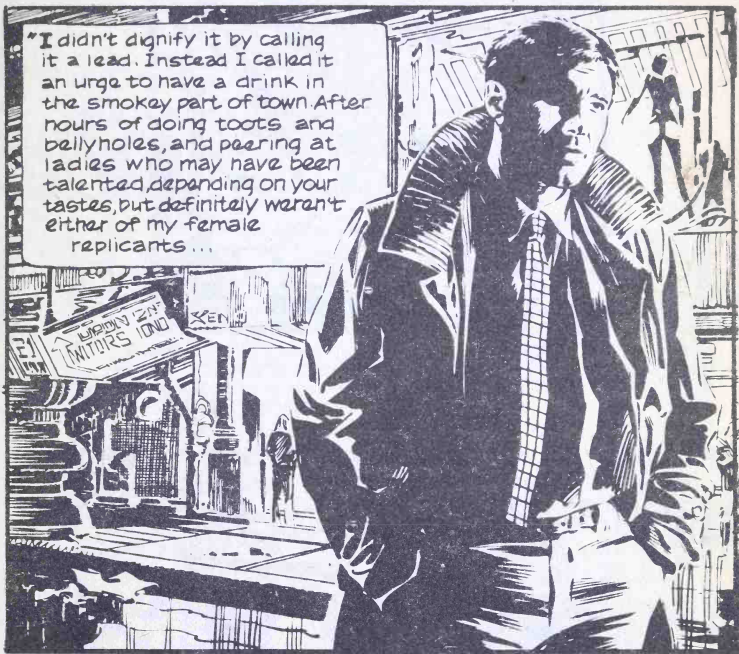




"After I intensified my questioning and he *STILL* didn't remember... I *BELIEVED* him."



"I didn't dignify it by calling it a lead. Instead I called it an urge to have a drink in the smokey part of town. After hours of doing toots and bellyholes, and peering at ladies who may have been talented, depending on your tastes, but definitely weren't either of my female replicants ...



"...I ended up at Taffy's Bar. Tired.
Of working. Of looking. Maybe even
of drinking..."



"...at least of doing it alone..."

HUNTING... "SKIN JOBS"
MR. DECKARD?



DIDN'T FIND ANY.
ALL I FOUND WAS A
BAR. YOU MISSED THE
DRINK I OFFERED BEFORE...
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.



"I could stay and stare at the vid-phone screen going blank... or retreat to the bar."

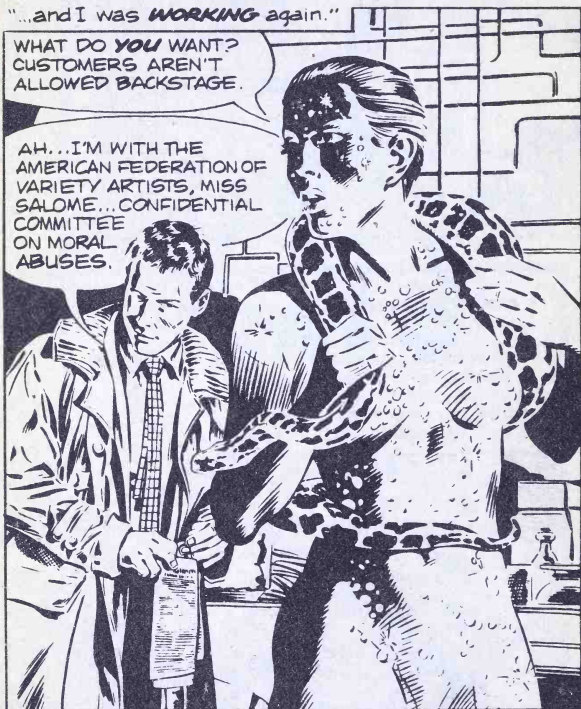
"I opted for the bar. And found something **NEW** to stare at. They'd changed acts..."



"...and I was *WORKING* again."

WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?
CUSTOMERS AREN'T
ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.

AH...I'M WITH THE
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF
VARIETY ARTISTS, MISS
SALOME...CONFIDENTIAL
COMMITTEE
ON MORAL
ABUSES.



She was a big woman. So was one of her reps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to **END** there. Still, I felt there was **SOMETHING** ... And went with it."

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS
OF **ALL MANNER** OF
EXPLOITATION BY THE
MANAGEMENT OF THIS
PLACE.

THAT'S WHY
I'D LIKE TO
CHECK THIS
DRESSING
ROOM.

AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE
WITH MY CHANGING AND GETTING
OUT OF HERE.
WHAT ARE
YOU CHECKING
FOR?





AH... OF
COURSE. OF
COURSE. HAVE YOU
BEEN DOING IT **LONG?**
I SEE YOU HAVE
OTHER COSTUMES
HERE. THAT
SEQUINED ONE
LOOKS
ESPECIALLY--



IF YOU'VE RUN OUT OF
HOLES TO FIND--I COULD
USE **HELP**
DRYING MY
BACK.



"This way she looked even **LESS** like
my replicant. I'd have to have the Esper
compare sequins from **THIS** dress
with the one it spotted in Leon's
photos."



"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my Esper a lot of wear and tear."

"She was **ZHORA**, all right. New hair color and whatever not withstanding."



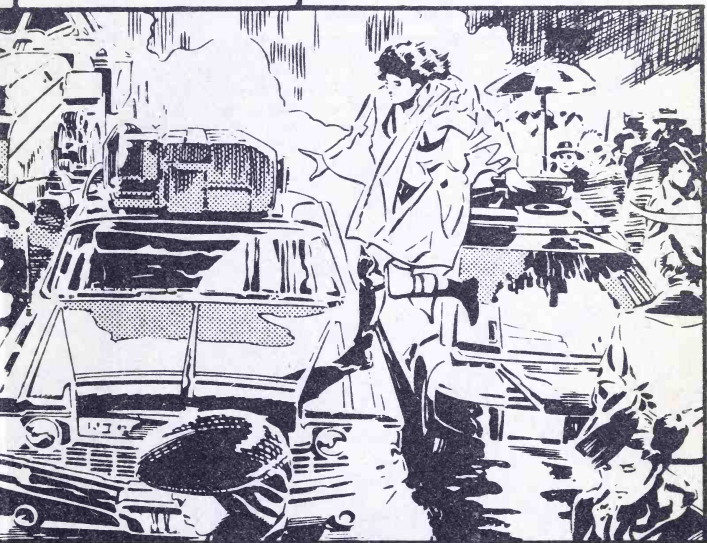
"After that, it got a little **ROUGHER...**"

"...but she was more interested in getting out before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."





"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



"And maybe they did. With a **NEXUS SIX** ...it's kinda hard to tell!"



"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a *BUS*.
Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!



"She died then, I suppose."



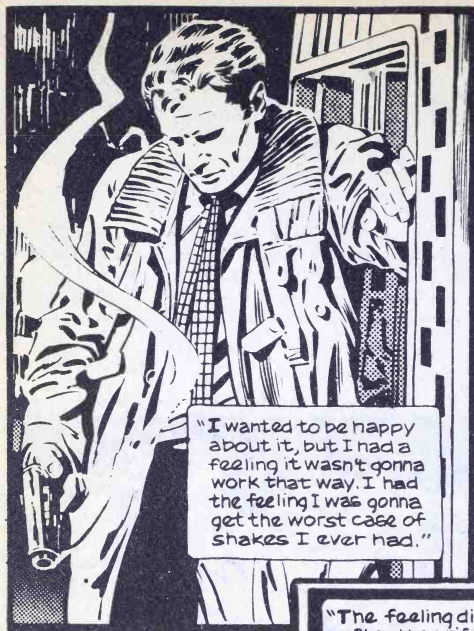
"Thanks to superior Tyrell craftsmanship, she kept running.
And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case
to **END** it..."



"In one side...out
the other."



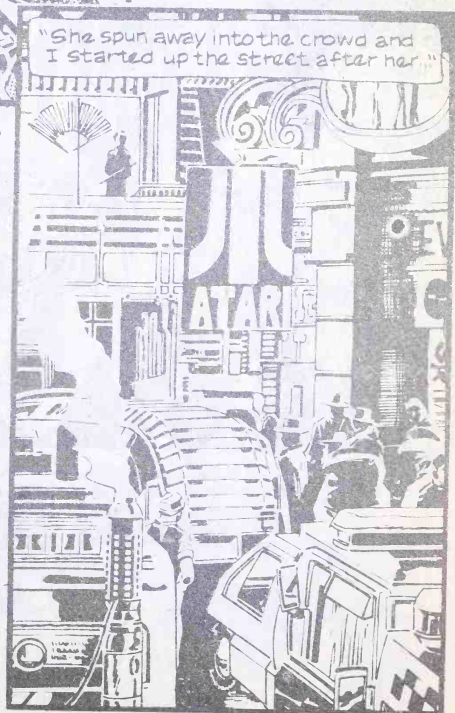
"Z hora must have been the meal ticket for Roy Batty's group. It's a tough world, even reps gotta eat. Only right then... Their meal ticket looked kinda used up."



"I wanted to be happy about it, but I had a feeling it wasn't gonna work that way. I had the feeling I was gonna get the worst case of shakes I ever had."

"The feeling didn't get better after the uniformed cops arrived to take over. Not when I turned from the scene and saw who was among the on-lookers."





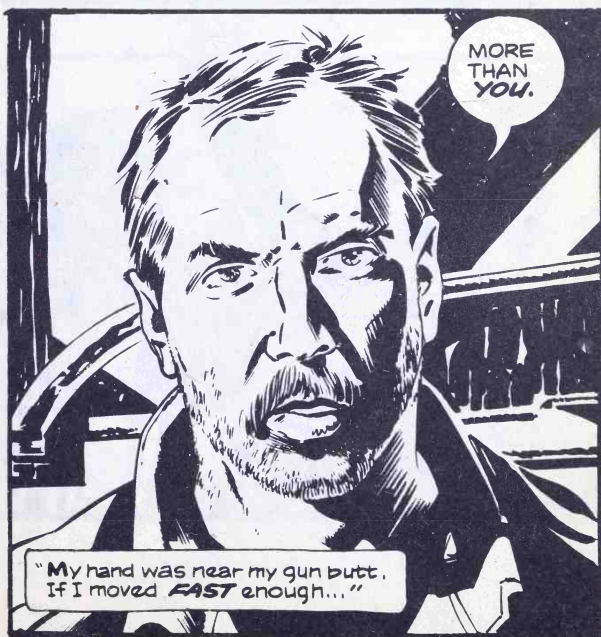
"...and found Rachel wasn't the **ONLY** unhappy witness to my night's work."

MY
PICTURES....!
YOU TRACKED
ZHORA BY USIN'
MY PICTURES,
DIDN'T YOU?
**DIDN'T
YOU?!**

HEY!
WHAT--?



"I threw a punch, but Leon was already swinging me, slamming me around into the parked garbage hauler. Over and over."



"I cleared the holster.
Probably a lot better
than most would do
against Leon. But
not **NEARLY** good
enough."



THAT'S HOW IT IS TO.
BE A **SLAVE**. THE FUTURE'S
SEALED OFF. YOU GROVEL.
YOU WAIT.

REPRODUCTION. SECURITY.
THE SIMPLE THINGS... AN' NO
WAY TO **SATISFY** THEM. TO
BE HOMESICK... WITH NO
PLACE TO GO! LOTS OF
LITTLE **OVERSIGHTS**
IN THE NEXUS SIX!





"Those big hands clamped on my throat for the last time..."

"...until something cut their work short."



"She didn't say *WHY* she did it. I didn't ask."

"For quite a while we just walked. Silent. Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

VODKA.
WAIT HERE.
I'LL FIND A
VENDOR.




"What I also found was GAFF."

"Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd I didn't think he'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."



is main interest seemed to be
ustling me over to **BRYANT**."



GEEZ, DECKARD!
YOU LOOK ALMOST
AS BAD AS THAT
FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU
SENT PLOWIN' THROUGH
THE WINDOW
DISPLAY.
ALMOST.



YOU GET
THE CALL ON
THE BIG
ONE...
LEON...?

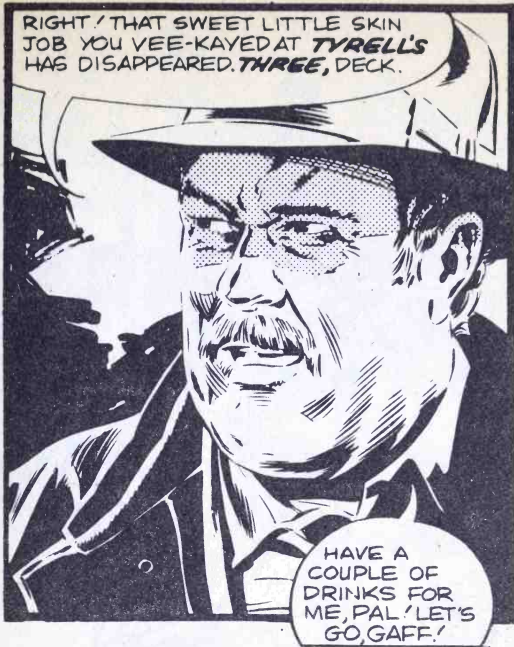
BET YOUR BUTT, **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT!
YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY,
GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN
SLAUGHTER-SQUAD!

TWO, BRYANT.
THAT'S **TWO** TO GO.
YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE
YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED
YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT!
LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE
ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!



RIGHT / THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN
JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S**
HAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE, DECK.**



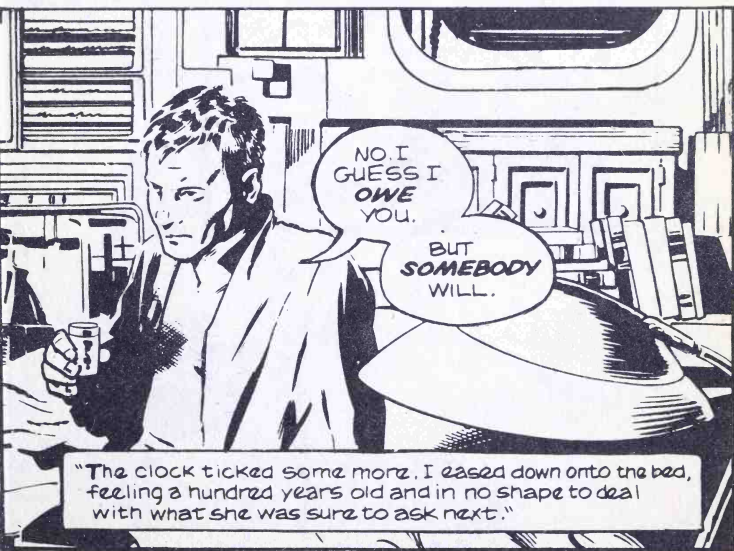
HAVE A
COUPLE OF
DRINKS FOR
ME, PAL 'LET'S
GO, GAFF.'

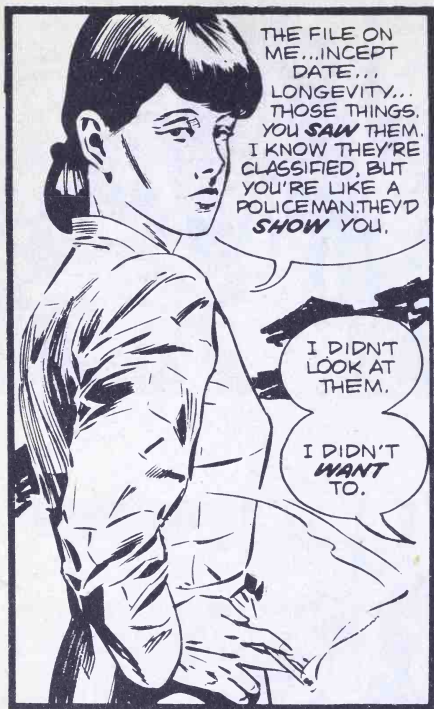
"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Gaff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."



SHAKES,
I GET 'EM TOO.
BAD. IT'S PART
OF THE
BUSINESS.









"I woke up to the piano playing and daylight streaming into the room. She stopped as I limped out. She'd let her hair down."

YOU
PLAY
WELL.



I DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD. I REMEMBER LESSONS, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I TOOK THEM... OR TYRELL'S NIECE.

THESE
PHOTOGRAPHS...



FAMILY, ME AN' MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S MY WIFE. SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFF WORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.

YOU DIDN'T?



"It wasn't a question I really had an **ANSWER** for..."

"...or that led in the direction I felt we were headed."

DECKARD...I
CAN'T RELY ON
MY **MEMORY**
TO...



"I pulled her to her feet and over by the window."



I WANT
YOU.

I...*WANT*
YOU.



"I had her say it several times. Until there was no need to say anything at all."

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY..
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIS...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE *FRIENDS* I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE *TOYS*
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.

YOU'RE...**NEXUS SIXES!**
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU!



THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

OUR NEW FRIEND CAN **CONSIDER**
OVER BREAKFAST. **BRING** US
SOMETHING, PRIS.





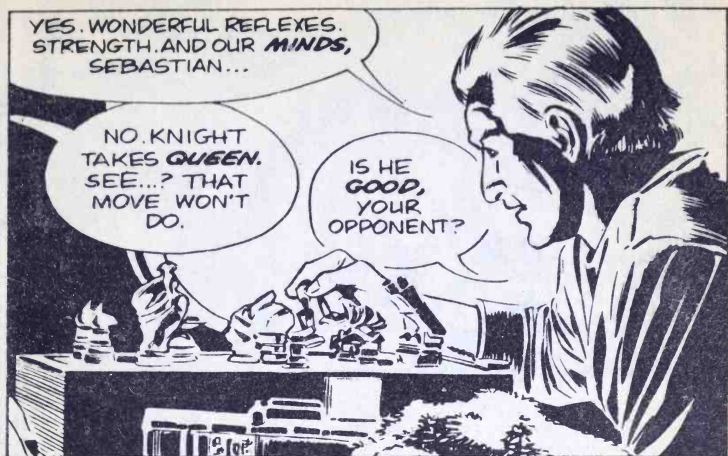
IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE NEXUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION, NOT LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIS'S SUDDEN PINWHEELING MOTION...

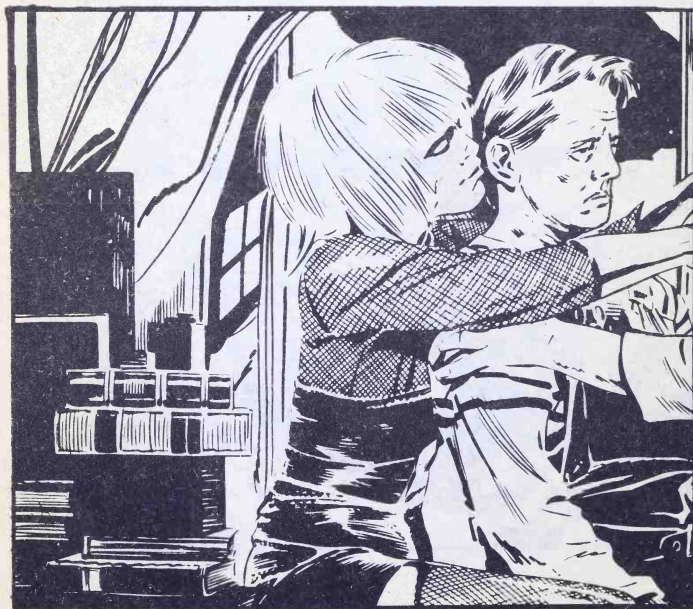
AWAY IN A BLUR...

...THEN BACK.











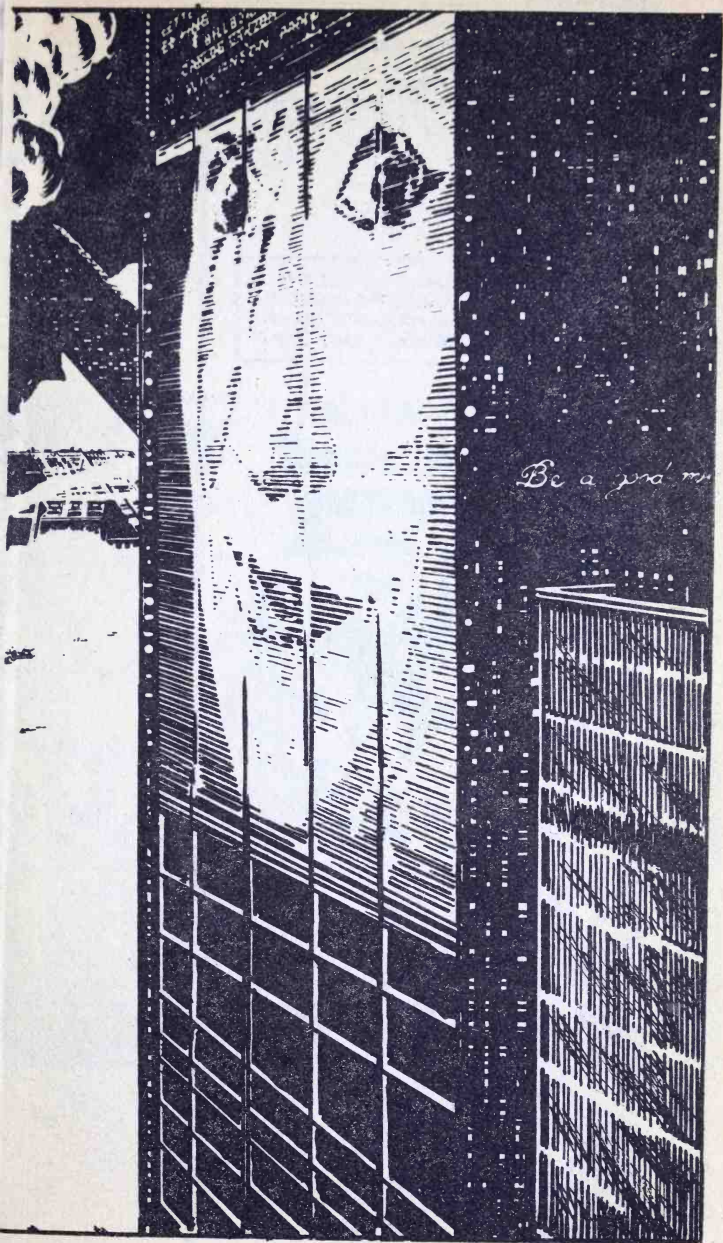
ALL THANKS
TO YOUR *FRIEND*,
SEBASTIAN... THIS
TYRELL. HE'S
REALLY QUITE
A DESIGNER.

WE
OWE HIM
EVERYTHING,
SEBASTIAN.

I REALLY
MUST THANK
HIM...
TONIGHT.

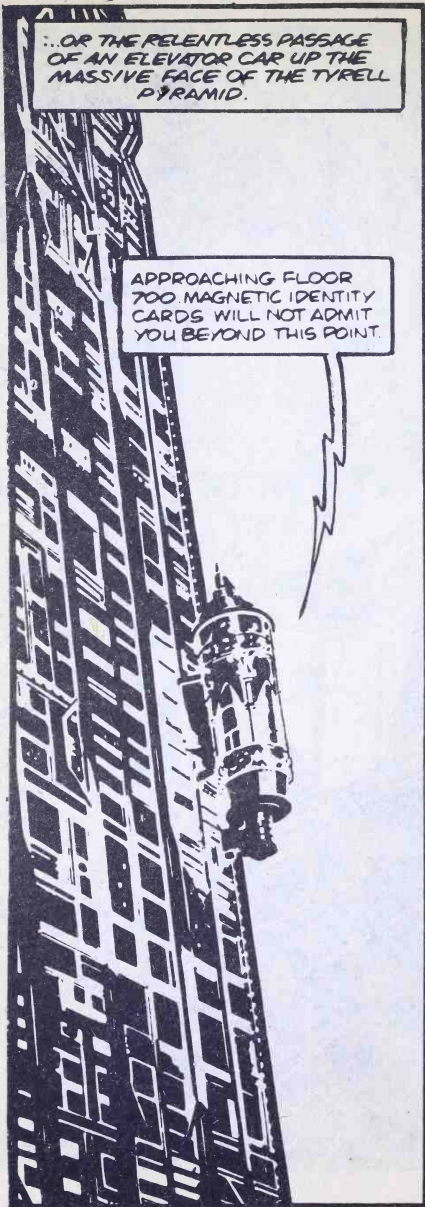
EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS...





...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE
OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE
MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL
PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR
700. MAGNETIC IDENTITY
CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT
YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.



YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT,
PLEASE.

QUEEN TO
BISHOP SIX...
CHECK.









It had been a long day. The night didn't promise to be any better. I was still hunting replicants, but my mind was on the one I was *HIDING*. Still, after the cops reported a *VISIT* Roy Batty made yesterday, I thought I saw a *PATTERN* emerging..."

DR. HERMAN SCHLECT,...? I'M RICK DECKARD... BLADE RUNNER. CHECK MY BADGE ON YOUR VID-SCREEN.



YOU'RE SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE TYRELL CORPORATION WHO BESIDES TYRELL AND YOURSELF HAVE TOP LEVEL *CLEARANCE* IN YOUR ORGANIZATION?



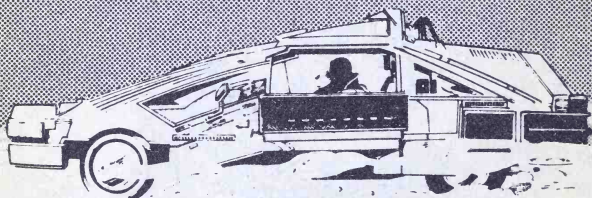
"There were *TWO*. One was beyond being helpful. Hannibal Chew. The *OBJECT* of Batty's visit. But the other...

J.F. SEBASTIAN. *ANAPT 46751*. GENETIC DESIGNER. AGE TWENTY. HOBBIES: GRAND MASTER CHESS PLAYER...

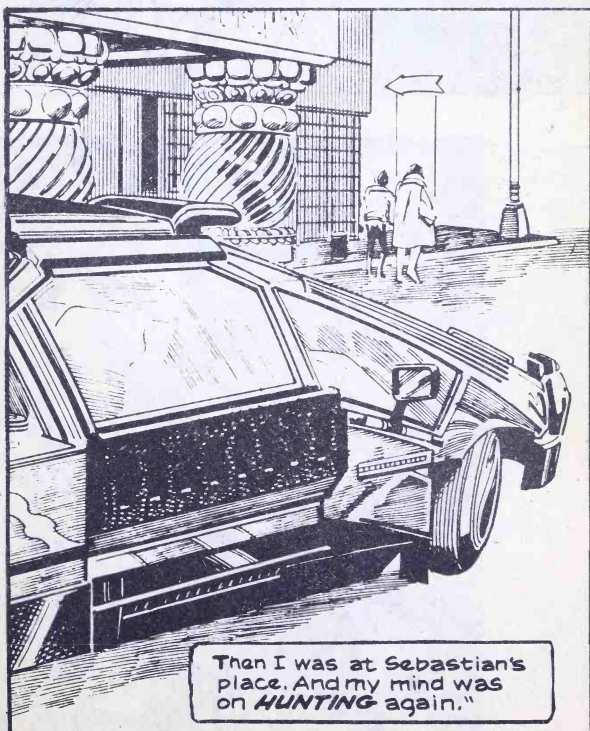
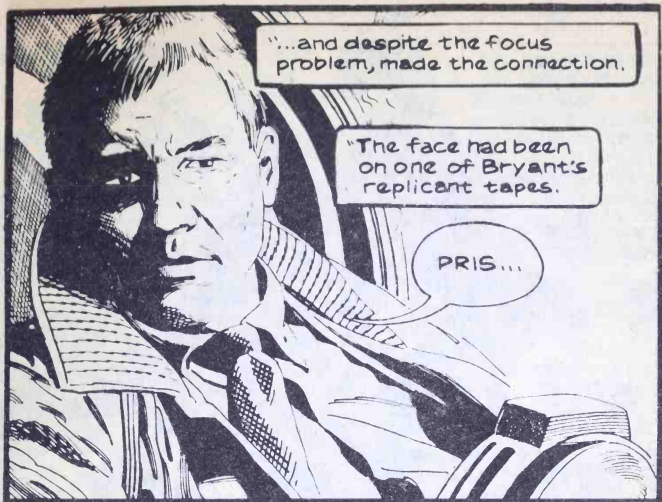


"The lady looked for a second...
Then the screen went blank."

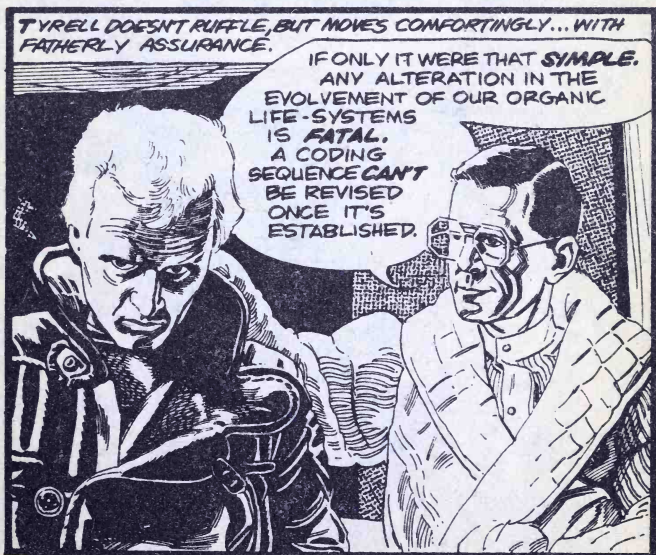
THAT'S NO WAY
TO TREAT AN OLD
FRIEND.

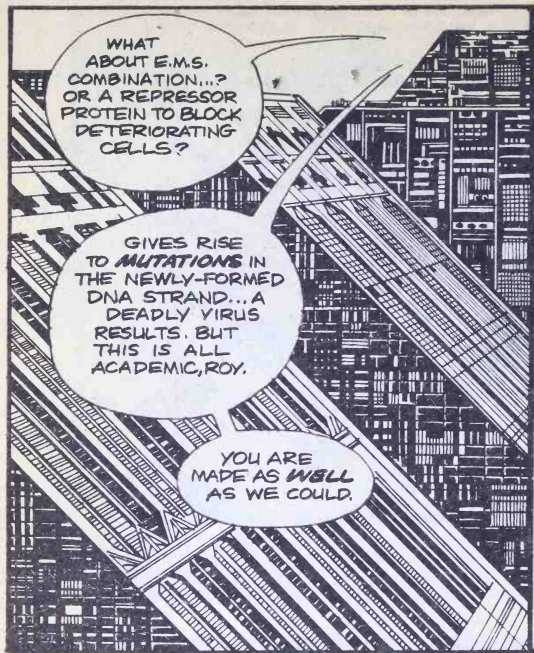


"I picked up speed and
punched up a replay..."









THE *BEST* OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS! I'M
PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... GLAD
YOU'VE RETURNED.



ALSO *EXTRAORDINARY*
THINGS... A *REBEL* IN YOUR
TIME.





...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME.



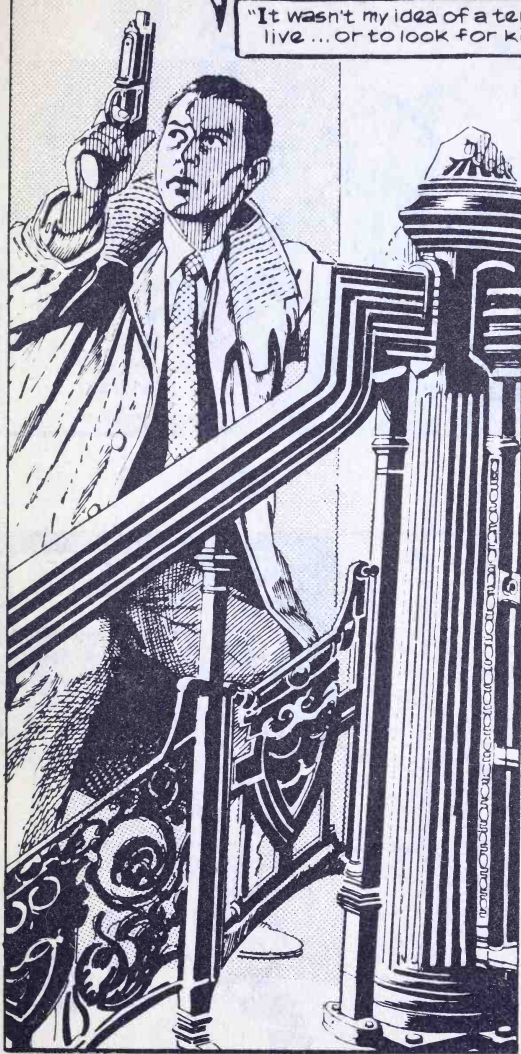
ACROSS THE ROOM, J.F.
SEBASTIAN WATCHES HIS
EMPLOYER DIE AND TURNS
TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR...



HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS
ABOUT BEING ABLE TO
MAKE IT.

MR. SEBASTIAN?

"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to live ... or to look for killer replicants."



"So I tried to do it the smart way. Gun in hand...taking the stairs instead of the elevator. I still wasn't ready for his apartment..."



"...or anything *IN* it."



GOOD EVENING, J.F.!

"Obviously, chess wasn't Sebastian's **ONLY** hobby...!"




"Maybe my eye caught a slight movement... Maybe it was just that ol' instinct of mine Bryant loves so much..."



but when I grabbed
the veil of the
figure that caught
my attention, it was
early the **LAST**
THING I ever did!





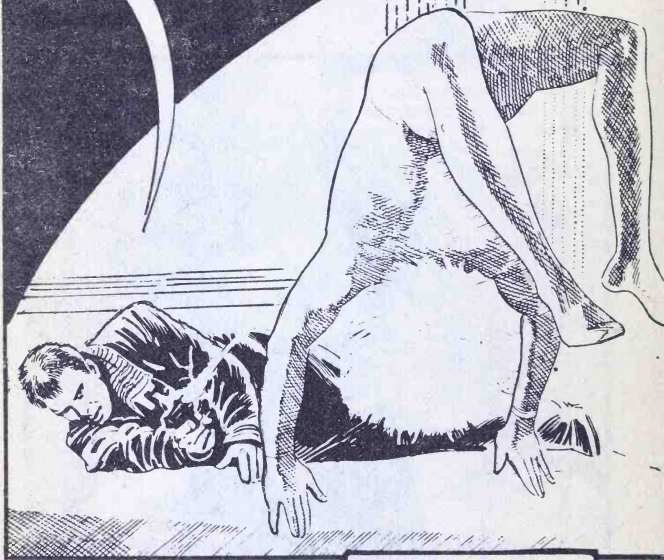


"...until Pris landed
on me and it was too
late to do anything
but **SUFFER**.

"The **GUN**! If I could only..."

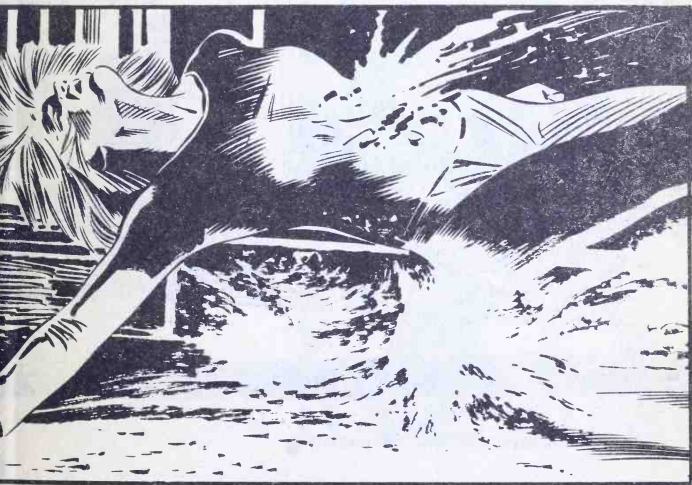
"My fingers **SNAGGED** it! Pris leaped away... Then came spinning **BACK** for the **KILL**!

NO! I
DONT **WANT**
TO--

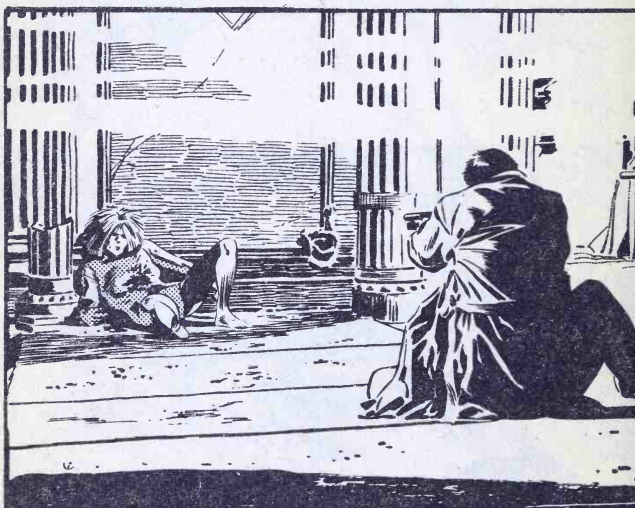


"I like to think she didn't give me any choice..."

"...not that it changed the way it *ENDED*."



"I told myself this was the **LAST** of it. I was
gettin' out of here, gonna be **QUIT** again.



"Then...I heard
the *ELEVATOR*."



"It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Gaff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I **KNEW** nothin' was finished...

"...an'the **WORST** was still to come.

"Sure, I could've talked with him...
Until he learned what I'd left
INSIDE.

"So I dropped back...



"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at *AIRING* Roy Batty, supersoldier!"

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor."



"I reloaded on the run an' got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room."

"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a sob to it... and something like animal rage."





*Before I could blink, Batty had jerked my gun arm through the hole...and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs.

FOR PRIS...
FOR ZHORA...

NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT...
**PROUD OF
YOURSELF
LITTLE
MAN?**

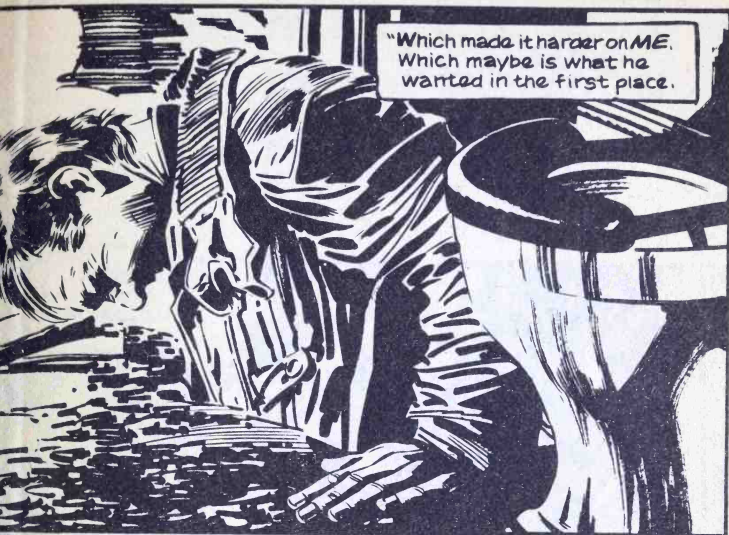
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, BLADE
RUNNER.

"I forgot about the pain. I *RAW*.
Just like he wanted. I *RAW*. With
him getting closer. And when
there was no *PLACE* to run...

"...I *CLIMBED*."



"Whatever the outcome...I intended to make it **HARD** for him.



"Which made it harder on **ME**.
Which maybe is what he
wanted in the first place.



"I grabbed some rag s and tried
resetting my fingers. Everything
seemed to drain out of me
in the effort...

"...then Batty arrived
to help me go **ON!**"





"... but I was fighting to *SURVIVE!*"



"A rusting piece of pipe yanked from the wall wasn't *MUCH* against a Nexus Six... even studded with a few nails.

"He had it *AWAY* from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process ... damage *WAS* done.

*THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!*

"It bought me seconds. And */N* those seconds...

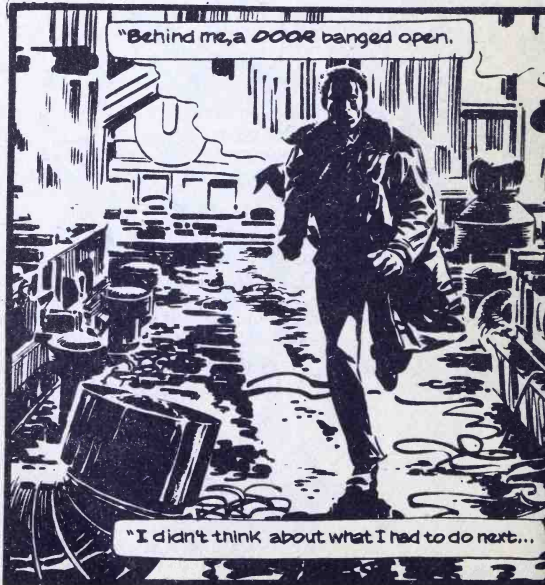
"...I smashed through the window slate to the driving rain outside.



"I was scrambling upward over stone scrollwork, scrambling for my life. Not thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned *BELOW* me.



"Then, I was on the **ROOF...**
and it was just one more
spot with no place to hide.



"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open.

"I didn't think about what I had to do next...

"...I just *DID* it.







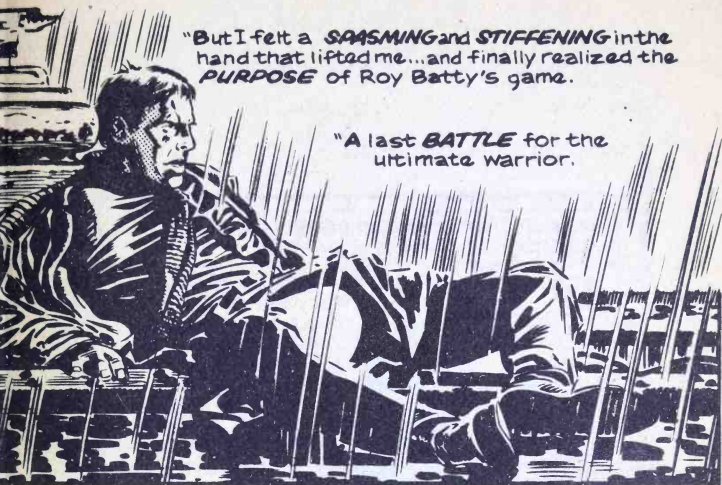




"Except I didn't *FALL*."

"For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun."



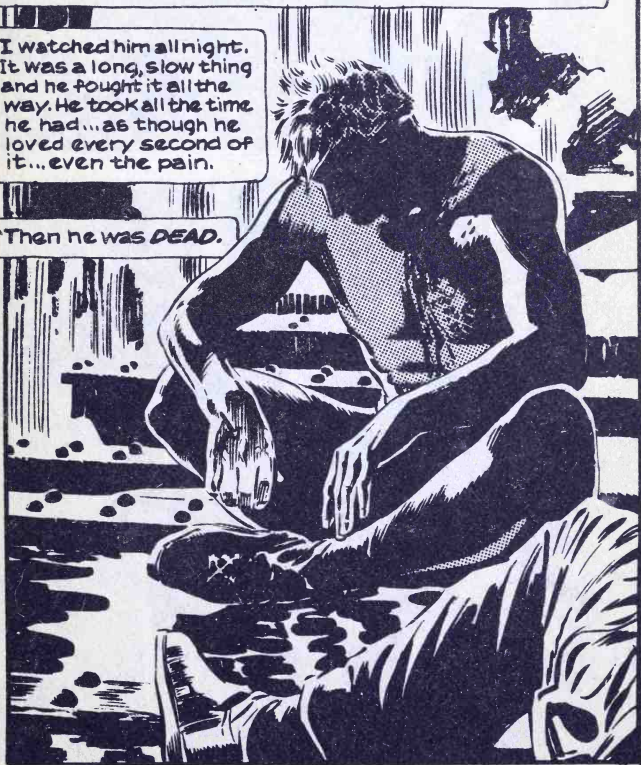




"Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself.

"I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had... as though he loved every second of it... even the pain.

"Then he was *DEAD*.



"Not too much later, the cops
came to take him away.
GAFF was with them.

HERE...ONE
OF THE OFFICERS
FOUND YOUR
GUN
INSIDE.

AS FOR THE
REMAINING
REPLICANT...THE
PRETTY ONE
FROM TYRELL...



I'M
THROUGH.
I'M GOIN'
HOME.



"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof.

IT'S A SHAME SHE
WONT LAST FOREVER...
BUT THEN AGAIN,
NO ONE DOES.



"I drove top speed all the
way back to my place.

RACHEL...!

"The apartment was
silent. It looked
empty.







"...until she opened her eyes and smiled.





DO
YOU TRUST
ME?

I TRUST
YOU.

"I got her up, threw some
things into a case, and
fresh rounds into the
pistol.

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A
**SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN,
NO ONE DOES.**

"She didn't say anything.
And neither did I.



"Not even about the
little foil-sculptured
unicorn I found out-
side the door.

"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"

"I headed North. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were subjects we couldn't discuss an' words we couldn't say. Like death. Like future. But for all that... Rachel was more alive than anyone I'd ever known.



"BLADE RUNNER. YOU'RE ALWAYS MOVIN' ON THE EDGE. I
GUESS IT'S INEVITABLE, SOMEDAY YOU'LL FALL, ON
ONE SIDE..."



"...OR THE OTHER."

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If you're human, life is tough.
If you're a replicant, you're dead!



BLADE RUNNER

STARRING
HARRISON FORD!